

That look of Quality



Youngmen's 2-button notch lapel, sack suit with fitted waist and medium shoulder width; with jetted pockets.

Have you noticed how some men always look well in their clothes? The suits they wear suggest quality simply because they have an ease of fit, a comfortable appearance.

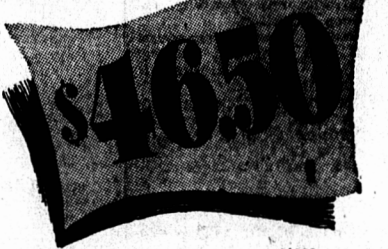
You get this look of quality in a Tip Top Tailors suit. You get it because your suit is tailored to your individual measurements—cut to your personal requirements and specifications—created for you alone.

You get it because of the exceptional quality and value of Tip Top Tailors'

suitings. There are over 300 imported and domestic woollens to choose from, any one of which would ordinarily be found in higher-priced clothing.

Only Tip Top Tailors offers you so many "plus values" for so little money. In fact, it is our firm belief that Tip Top Tailors low price represents clothing value unequalled in Canada today. You are cordially invited to come in and judge for yourself.

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Tip Top Tailors LIMITED

99 Grafton Street

ALSO SOLD BY AUTHORIZED DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST

BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Chapter XXVIII

"It was like this." The milkman came nearer, leaning against the rail in an easy posture, amiably inclined to the social amenities. "This route is a mixed up one."

"Yes," answered Malda.

"A couple blocks east, there's tenements."

"I know."

"We got a bunch of poor people there on our lists."

"Of course."

"They have hard work keepin' up their payments. Them accounts ain't so hot."

"I suppose not."

"So what does Hundred'n Nine do?"

"Well, what does he do?"

"He takes an' carries a lot of them bum accounts himself."

"Out of his own pocket?"

"You said it, Miss."

"Terrible!" said Malda.

"And he keeps his trap shut about it."

"He would!" Her heart was singing. This was the hard-boiled lad who had asked her if she thought the company was in business for its health.

"That gave him a hundred per cent district. See, Miss?"

"No, I'm not sure that I do."

"Collection is a big part of this business. The boss gives a prize each quarter for the smallest number of sour accounts. With everything paid in, Hundred'n Nine has a walkover."

"Oh!" said the girl blankly. "He was after the prize."

"He got the prize, but he wouldn't take it."

"You mean he turned it down?"

The inner song rose again.

"Flat. That's how come they found what he was up to."

"And they discharged him for that. The miserable low-down skates! I'm going to make the family change to another company."

"Take it easy, Miss. They didn't fire him. They shifted him to route driving."

"But not on this route?"

"Route drivers don't have no special route. They cover any emergency! He might be here tomorrow and up on University Heights next night."

"I see. Well, he's all right, isn't he?"

"I'll say he's all right! He's a swell kid and a straight shooter. Anything more, Miss?"

"No. Thank you so much."

Thirty-nine went on his way, leaving behind him a heart warmed and comforted. Anyway she had not wholly lost Wally. And that business of the sour accounts confirmed her best suspicions of him.

Malda's new acquaintance took the first opportunity to accost his predecessor, at the barns. "Hiya, Hundred'n Nine!"

"I seen a tootsie of yours the other night," answered Wallis.

FOR CONSTIPATION

This is what helped him

"I tried all the drug store remedies for constipation. Got rid of my old trouble only when I began eating ALL-BRAN for breakfast. Many thanks!" Ernest Wright, 208 Delta St., Brown Line P.O., Ontario.

Just one of many unsolicited letters from ALL-BRAN users. If you suffer from constipation due to lack of dietary bulk do this: Eat an ounce of crisp Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily, drink plenty of water, if not completely satisfied after 10 days, send empty carton to Kellogg's, London, Ont. Get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



"Did you?" The young man's accent was hardly encouraging to expansiveness, but Thirty-nine was not easily diverted from a topic of interest.

"In East Seventieth. A knock-out. She had your number pat. 'What came o' that fresh young Ike that used to drive this route?' says she. 'Hundred'n Nine?' says I. 'Hundred'n Nine,' she says. 'Where's he gone? Not that I care,' she says, 'but just to be askin'.'" As Thirty-nine had a local reputation as a confirmed ribber, Wallis accepted this version as a free translation. He waited. His associate continued with relish: "She says to me, 'when you see him, tell him that this young heart is bustin' with sorrow. Tell him that life ain't been the same since he gave me the go-by. Tell him,' she says 'that I'll be waiting at the church door.'"

"Did you ever have your head jammed in a ten-gallon can?" interposed One Hundred and Nine.

Thirty-nine perceived without undue mental effort that this was more serious than he had supposed. Moreover, the young man enjoyed an established reputation in the barns, to the effect that you could go about so far with him and wish safety no farther. He modified his tone. "Anyway she ast a lot of questions about you. Why don't you drop in at the basement with me, social-like, some mornin'?"

"Thanks," said Wallis. "I'm done with that district."

"Somebody you picked up on that prize winnin' trip, kid?"

"You keep to your own route and the cream won't sour on you," was the uncompromising response.

Had Malda taken a second look at the billboard which put her to flight, she would have found it worth perusal. Thereon Lev-Lohengrin was announcing a one-day feature run of its "Friendlyfilm Special" for the impending Nabes-Night. Friendlyfilms were another device of the fertile Metzger brain. They portrayed matters of local interest to that happy family which constituted the Lex-Lohengrin Clientele.

A more faithful devotee than Malda saw the announcement and read it to the last word, which was "Bermuda".

Miss Matilda McCabe had led a frustrated inner life since her return from that pleasant isle. Thwarted romance is a sore burden, hardly less heavy to bear if it is another's romance. In her old-maidenly and vicarious way she had constructed for herself a thrilling love story in which Malda and Wallis Kane were principals, and she herself the goddess from the machine. It mattered little to her that she had deceived herself as to her own splendid future. It mattered less that he was a milkman. Here was the imperishable drama of the valiant, worthy and poor young man, and the beautiful heiress; such as dramas are made on in the souls of elderly maiden ladies. He might drive forty milk routes—for Miss Matilda the aura of knightly glory glorified that gallant head and blithe face.

That there had been something between the two partners of the Wondertrip, she shrewdly suspected. Attempts to sound out Malda had been unproductive. The girl shied away from any mention of her holiday. To be continued

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Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

corner-store, where the truck waits near the cleared highway to attend to such carryings, the loads are hauled by team. And for those of the family he left behind, if the two found the day a bit quiet and lonely there was time to read to a small fellow and to loiter over the lesson that grows terested white dog leading hay team some farmers hauled hay from a barn at the other farm—and turned faces and waved to the two in a window in passing. And others took grists to the mill—and the stream that shone darkly between its white banks went on, slipping beneath Mr. A.'s bridge in the distance—to crush—these.

"And Ellen," a smallish visitor turned back at the doorway to ask "did I tell you that when I was coming over I saw two wild ducks flying?"

Wild ducks on the wing—as is this month—and this day!

Country Garden

Continued from page 2

with this difference: while the painter works with immobile paints and the composer with definite tones, the gardener works with growing and changing materials, this is the more difficult art, and it is never finished.

"If little labour, little are our gains: Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

Until tomorrow—Diary—Good night....

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By George Clark



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